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PETRARCH.

In the summer of 1304, the exiled Ghibel-
lines, including in their number the greatest
of Italian poets, made their headquarters in
the Tuscan town of Arezzo, whence they vainly
sought to effect a return to their beloved Flor-
ence, which had cast them forth with con-
tumely. One of these exiles, expelled from
Florence on the same day with Dante some-
thing more than two years earlier, was a scholar
and politician of some consequence named Pe-
trarch; and to him there was born, on the 20th
of July, the child destined to a fame among
Italian poets second only to that of his father's
friend and fellow-exile. The personal relations
which thus link the names of Dante and Pe-
trarch did not, however, operate to shape the
two poets in anything like the same mould; and
the chief instruction offered by setting them
side by side is found in the marked contrast
between their temperament, their outlook, and
their ideals. The main point of contrast is, of
course, to be found in the fact that Dante was
the incarnation of the mediæval spirit, while
Petrarch had in some dim sense the vision of
the world to come "and all the wonder that
should be"; the thoughts and the emotions of
Dante were held in the strait-jacket of scho-
lasticism, while those of Petrarch were work-
ing themselves free from that hampering con-
finement; while Dante's ideal of the future took
the utopian form of the universal dual monar-
chy of Papacy and Empire, the words of Pe-
trarch, declaring that

*'L'antico valore
Nell'italici cor non e 'ancor morto,'*

made his voice the first of those to be raised in
prophecy of the very practical ideal of a united
Italy. In a word, the temper of Dante, for
all his deep tenderness and spiritual exaltation,
was that of the schoolman; that of Petrarch,
on the other hand, for all the mistaken direc-
tion of his aims, was that of the humanist.

It has recently been suggested, in a semi-
humorous way, that American contributions
toward the erection of a monument at Arezzo
might most appropriately be made by such of
our fellow-countrymen as had ventured to prac-
tice the art of sonnet-writing. Certainly, if
all of those thus designated should respond to
the appeal, abundant means would be forthcom-
ing, no matter how modest the individual offer-
ings. The sonnets of Petrarch have had a mul-
titudinous progeny, not all of whom have done
credit to their progenitor, and many a modern

maiden has been the recipient of a form of tribute which might never have been thought of had it not been for the sonnets addressed to Madonna Laura six hundred years ago. The Canzoniere of Petrarch, that 'epitomised encyclopædia of passion,' as Dr. Garnett calls it, is so precious a jewel among the world's poetical possessions that it predisposes us to a kindly indulgence of the feeblest of Petrarch's modern followers. The 'Africa' upon which the poet set his hopes of enduring fame has gone the way of all artificial epics, and of all mediæval attempts to keep Latin alive as the medium of literary expression; but the odes, and the sonnets, and the *trionfi*, written in the despised vulgar tongue, have taken on with the succeeding centuries a more assured immortality. Of the influence of Petrarch upon the poetry of later ages, something is said in the special article which we print elsewhere; we wish to devote our own brief remarks to the humanist rather than to the poet, to the forerunner of the revival of learning rather than to the singer of his own joys and sorrows.

The Alpinists claim Petrarch as the first of their number by virtue of his famous ascent of Mont Ventoux. We doubt, however, if they can read with proper sympathy the letter in which the expedition is described. The modern mountain-climber is not likely to sit down in the first convenient valley and say to himself, 'What thou hast repeatedly experienced to-day in the ascent of this mountain, happens to thee, as to many, in the journey toward the blessed life,' and then to indulge in a long retrospective survey of his career. Nor is he apt, after having reached his summit, to take St. Augustine's 'Confessions' from his pocket and ponder over its message. In Petrarch's case the effect was startling, for he hit upon the following passage: 'And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not.' Whereupon, he says: 'I was abashed, and . . . closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned from even the pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which, when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself.' From that moment, the panorama of hill-tops and clouds and skies meant no more to him than the view of Lake Lemman had meant to Bernard of Clairvaux. 'Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain. I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again.'

But Petrarch could hardly have been ex-

pected to climb his mountain in the modern spirit; the significant thing is that he did such a thing at all. 'My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer,' is his simple prefatory statement. But we, knowing in how many things his thought groped unconsciously toward the future, may be pardoned for finding this exploit in a certain sense symbolical, or at least highly suggestive of what we can now see to have been his relations to the development of culture. He cherished the past,—none more fondly than he,—but he never took the view that the sum of all possible culture had been made up by the ancients, leaving nothing for the coming ages to add. He knew not what those ages might bring forth; but he had a wistful sense of their possibilities, which amounted almost to pre-science.

The analysis of Petrarch's humanism reveals a number of distinct elements. (He not only climbed the mountain, but he also travelled far and wide, because he was genuinely curious about the world of nature and of men, and took a wholesome interest in things and affairs. He read the classical authors, not to find in them texts for disputation, but for the purposes of culture as we understand the term, and with a passionate enthusiasm for their beauty. He collected a library of some two hundred manuscript volumes, not for the reputation of owning them, but because they were for him the very bread and wine of the intellectual life. He even planned to bequeath his books to Venice for the general good, thus conceiving the modern idea of the public library.) (He wrote the most delightful letters to his friends, following the example of Pliny and Cicero, and he wrote them with an eye to their preservation for future generations. He even wrote a fragmentary autobiography; and, what is particularly noteworthy, he made it largely a record of his inner life, of his intellectual and emotional experiences. The course of his speculation was singularly self-determined; he rejected the narrow educational ideals of his age, and made free to find flaws in the teaching of Aristotle,—not, indeed, calling him 'that accursed heathen,' as Luther was to do two centuries later, but flatly refusing to recognize his authority as pontifical.)

(All these matters, as well as others unmentioned, bring Petrarch into closer touch with the modern world than any of his contemporaries.) Carducci makes him the intellectual arbiter of his age, as Erasmus and Voltaire were the intellectual arbiters of theirs; but that strictly historical fact appeals to us less directly than the fresh and sympathetic quality of his work. Those who would like to come into close contact with Petrarch the humanist, as distinguished from Petrarch the poet, will do well

to read the volume of selections admirably translated and edited by Professors Robinson and Rolfe. The English reader could have no better introduction than this to the man and his writings. The poems, of course, need no such introduction. There have been over four hundred editions of them in Italian alone, besides countless translations into numerous tongues. And of their author, now in his grave six hundred years less the three score and ten of his life, let our closing words be those of the contemporary who thus described his end: 'Francesco Petrarca, the mirror of our century, after completing a vast array of volumes, on reaching his seventy-first year closed his last day in his library. He was found leaning over a book as if sleeping, so that his death was not at first suspected by his household.'

MODERN ECHOES OF PETRARCH.

Each century brings new proof of the permanence of Petrarch's influence and the charm of his poetry. As Italy celebrates, on the 20th of July, the six-hundredth anniversary of his birth, she challenges the world to name a literary hero who has won more sympathetic homage from cultured men and women of every age. Research during the last century has disclosed few new facts in Petrarch's life; but knowledge of his work, both as humanist and poet, has been widely disseminated. Earlier studies, by Abbe de Sade, Foscolo, Ginguene, and Sismondi, have been translated and appreciated. In Italy and France many biographic and critical treatises have appeared; there have also been a few significant volumes by English and American scholars, from the biography by the poet Campbell in 1843 to more recent studies by Mr. Symonds, Mr. Reeve, and the collaborated work of Professors James Harvey Robinson and H. W. Rolfe. Other popular sketches, both in book and magazine form, have testified to the increasing interest in the romantic phases of Petrarch's life. More illuminative, both of the man and the poet, have been the translations of his sonnets, canzoni, and letters, by such modern scholars as Hartley Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor, Mr. Richard Garnett, and Colonel T. W. Higginson. Indirect evidences of his literary influence abound. The Victorian poets and their successors made frequent allusions to him, and their works bear impress of his mode and spirit.

No one would claim Petrarch as one of the world's greatest poets. But the duration of his popularity, and the acknowledged and indirect imitations of his style, give evidence of the progressive quality of his influence. As the lover and sonneteer of Laura, as the patriot-friend of Rienzi and Colonna, as the enthusiast for pure classicism in an age of mental lethargy and pedantry, he merits the remembrance which has never waned from his day to our own. Without

loss of his prestige as a scholar, he has won more general recognition as an amatory lyricist, combining the best elements of chivalrous worship for women with the conflicting passions of a modern lover. In the more than three hundred sonnets, and the scores of canzoni and sestinas, celebrating the charms and reserve of his mistress, photographing the lover's struggles of heart and conscience, Petrarch has accomplished a work of poetic art more memorable than his cultural reforms. There is an ever-new fascination in his revelations of this fourteenth-century woman, with her soft dark eyes, her golden hair, her alluring voice, and her reposeful beauty of face and presence. Midway between the spiritual Beatrice and the sensual Fiametta, she is a humanized creation of rare charm. Whether she was in truth, as later authorities aver, the wife of Hugo de Sade and the mother of nine children, or only the personification of a poet's vision, she is essentially real yet ideal,—the mistress of feudal days, with the dominant traits of modern womanhood of a loftier type arousing in her lover's heart a conflict between reverence and yearning.

While the last century has given attention chiefly to the love-poetry of Petrarch, it has not overlooked his qualities as a leader both in affairs and in letters. His Latin essays in available form for the modern scholar, his voluminous correspondence carefully edited and largely translated, afford distinct signs of the directive force which he wielded in his own age. Undoubtedly the time was ripe for his influence; but such consideration does not minimize his service. Inferior to Dante as a poet, and separated from him by less than a generation, he was eminently modern in spirit and mode, while Dante was the last noble exponent of mediævalism. With all his breadth of insight, Petrarch was more than a scholar and a poet; he was the first true Italian patriot-prophet. With vanity and a proneness to servility, he possessed deep-rooted aspirations for political reform, in which are found many of the later tenets of patriotism. In his diplomatic missions, in consultation with Pope and Doge, even in his ardent hope and disappointment in Rienzi, Petrarch was an idealist tempered by practical wisdom. Like Mazzini, his great compatriot of five hundred years later, Petrarch saw in his vision a free and united Italy, though it was his belief that this should come through a revival of Roman standards. For Petrarch, whose father had suffered exile from Florence, there was no specific city-allegiance; he was a patriot, not a partisan, well called by Mr. Symonds 'a freeman of the City of the Spirit.'

Passages in his letters reveal the hidden ethical motives of the man. His honesty, his hatred of deceit in any form, are often reiterated. In the confession of his unabating passion for work, he seems strangely akin to our modern day. The wish expressed to Boccaccio, that death might find him reading or writing, was fulfilled with unexpected literalness. From the letters covering the period between 1326 and 1374, Mr. Lohse selected, translated, and published in London, in

1901, certain 'Thoughts' that well disclose Petrarch's moral and literary traits. Keen insight into humanity and into the fundamental truths of life are interwoven with intimate hints of personal experiences. A few pertinent epigrams have special force,—as 'Nothing can succeed in defiance of nature' (Bk. IV: Letter 16); 'Idleness alone causes us to disbelieve in our own powers' (Bk. XXI: Letter 10); 'Humble and earnest research is always the first step toward knowledge' (Letters of Old Age; Bk. IV: Letter 5).

Modern scholarship has not only found new meanings in Petrarch, but it has shown greater discrimination in the study of his literary forms. Leigh Hunt's 'Book of the Sonnet,' in the middle of the nineteenth century, emphasized for English readers the perfection of Petrarch's verse and its many adaptations. To Mrs. Shelley he wrote, in general tribute, 'Petrarch and Boccaccio and Dante are the morning and noon and night of the great Italian day; or, rather, Dante and Petrarch and Boccaccio are the night and morning and noon.—"And the evening and the morning were the first day."' (Dowden's 'Life of Shelley,' II., 220.) To Leigh Hunt we are indebted for one of the most musical translations of Petrarch's 'Ode to Vaucluse.' Hunt caught the playful spirit of the verse, and delicately portrayed the vision of Laura amid a shower of blossoms. Passing by occasional tributes to Petrarch in prose and verse, by Samuel Rogers, Barry Cornwall, Lord Houghton, Lord Hamner, and other English scholars, one is reminded of the more significant allusions by that coterie of poets to whom Italy was not alone a goal of pilgrimage but a place of long and happy sojourn. In 1813, Byron, in disgust at his own inability in sonnet form, had written: 'They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions. I detest the Petrarch so much that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could.' In 'Don Juan' he interpolated a characteristic sneer,—

'Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?'

When, however, chance brought Byron to the Euganean hills, he found himself moved to a more sympathetic note toward Petrarch and his adjacent home. In a somewhat skeptical mood, he paid his first visit to Arquà in 1817. He confessed that he was 'moved to turn aside in a second visit,' and two years later he urged the poet Moore 'to spare a day or two to go with me to Arquà; I should like to visit that tomb with you,—a pair of poetical pilgrims,—eh, Tom, what say you?' All are familiar with his commemoration of 'the soft, quiet hamlet at Vaucluse' in 'Childe Harold' (IV: xxx).

Shelley had been under the spell of Petrarch's influence before he came to Italy, when, in 1813, he joined his friend Hogg, and read the Italian poets in company with Mrs. Boinville and her sentimental daughter Cornelia Turner. Shelley's earlier interest was revived under these close associations, and in his 'Defense of Poetry' he

spoke warmly of Petrarch, 'whose verses are as spells which unseal the inmost enchanted fountains of the delight which is in the grief of love. It is impossible to feel them without becoming a portion of that beauty which we contemplate.' Vaucluse became a pilgrim-shrine to the Brownings, from that first romantic scene pictured by Mrs. Jamieson, as well as by Mrs. Browning, when the poet-lovers 'sate upon two stones in the midst of the fountain which in its dark prison of rocks flashes and roars and testifies to the memory of Petrarch.' In their Italian studies, the Brownings found Dante and Camoens more stimulating than Petrarch, though one recalls significant references to the latter in 'Apparent Failure,' 'The Ring and the Book,' and 'The Vision of Poets,' such as,

'And Petrarch pale,
From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each lucid with the name of One.'

For the most pronounced reflection of Petrarch's influence, one turns to Landor. At the outset, he challenges all English writers who have transformed his hero's name. 'For I pretend to no vernacular familiarity with a person of his distinction, and should almost be as ready to abbreviate Francesco into Frank as Petrarca into Petrarch.' The idea of 'The Pentameron' may be traced to the letter sent by Petrarch to Boccaccio after the latter had given him a copy of Dante and asked for a more sympathetic reading of the earlier master. That Petrarch recognized the mental superiority of Dante cannot be questioned; but he confessed that he was repelled by two causes,—the severe adherence to mediaeval standards, and a persistent memory of one glance, when he was eight years old, at the cold and rigorous face of Dante. Two other reasons for this indifference are suggested in Landor's dialogue: first, Petrarch's youthful fear lest by reading Dante he should become a mere imitator; and, second, an objection to Dante's persistent use of the Italian rather than the Latin text for his lofty poetic vision. The natures of these great poets were too antithetical to be in accord,—leaving out all suggestions of Petrarch's vanity; and Landor has well delineated what Disraeli called 'Petrarch's caustic smile on Dante.' To Landor, the character of Petrarch was thus unfolded: 'Unsuspecting, generous, ardent in study, in liberty, in love, with a self-complacency which in less men would be vanity, but arising in him from the general admiration of a noble presence, from his place in the interior of a heart which no other could approach or merit, and from the homage of all who held the principalities of Learning in every part of Europe.'

The early studies and translations of Petrarch's sonnets by Lord Morley, Major MacGregor, Lord Surrey, Lady Dacre, and Susan Wollaston, are still valuable to the modern reader. During the last three decades, several volumes of translations and anthologies have extended general study of the Petrarchan sonnet,—notably the anthologies by Samuel Waddington,

William Sharp, Dr. Richard Garnett, and the scientific treatise on the sonnet by Mr. Charles Tomlinson. In his recent volume of sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens, Dr. Garnett has shown skill and poetic insight in his renderings of more than sixty Petrarchan sonnets. Especially fine are the thirty-ninth, with the poet's benediction upon Laura; the eightieth, on Vaucluse; and the second of the later memorial sonnets after the passing of Laura and his friend Colonna. Dr. Garnett has prefaced the translations by an original sonnet of tribute, closely following his model in structure and effective play upon the words Laura and Laurel:

'Laurel in right of Laura thou didst claim,
Which wreath Apollo with his bay enwound;
Nature with flower and wit with diamond crowned;
Thine were the wind, the dawn, the star, the flame.'

Of American translators, none have rendered more scholarly and sympathetic sonnets by Petrarch and Camoens than Colonel Higginson. Some of these were included in his earlier volume of verse, 'The Afternoon Landscape'; and with them have been incorporated a few new translations in the exquisite volume of this memorial year, 'Fifteen Sonnets of Petrarch.' Here also is reproduced the essay published in 'The Atlantic' many years ago, 'Sunshine and Petrarch,' in which the earlier sonnets were imbedded. The elusive memory of Laura's beauty, and the vacuity of mind after her death, have been retold with perfect sympathy in sonnet 251, 'Gli occhi di ch'io parlai.'

'Dead is the source of all my amorous strain,
Dry is the channel of my thoughts outworn,
And my sad heart can sound but notes of pain.'

Deft in portrayal of the lighter fancies, Colonel Higginson has been even more successful in the deeper revelations of the spirit. With earnest grace he has interpreted the three hundred and twenty-third sonnet, the exaltation of Laura's womanliness and its admonition to maidenhood of all ages,— 'Qual donna atende a gloriosa fama.'

'Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!
How honor grows and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou may'st learn, and what the path may be
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim;
There learn that speech beyond all poet's skill,
And sacred silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.
But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can learn; because its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.'

Though Petrarch's sonnets and songs can never be placed in the very first rank among world-poetry, yet there is an unwaning charm in the life and verse of this man of warm passion, of strenuous ambition for himself and the modern world. Refreshing the mind of his own age with draughts from the spring of classic letters, he speaks a message as pertinent to-day as when it issued from his romantic valley retreat, or was listened to by his flatterers at the Venetian court.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

The New Books.

A STOREHOUSE OF NOTES AND ANECDOTES.*

Personalities will continue to interest more than impersonalities, as long as human nature endures. The concrete is to most of us so much easier of apprehension than the abstract, that memoirs and reminiscences and (alas, that it should be so!) court scandals and backstairs gossip are eagerly perused, while works on psychology and sociology and the history of institutions go begging for readers. This being the case, and any immediate change for the better being beyond the book-reviewer's power to effect, he ought at least to single out, for that commendation which is implied in an extended notice of the present kind, only such examples of personal history and anecdote as are most nearly free from malevolence, from frivolous tattle, and from petty detail of whatever sort. In this more worthy and dignified class of biographic and autobiographic writing belongs Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's voluminous but seldom unentertaining 'Diary,' some fresh 'Notes' from which, covering the years 1892-95, have recently appeared in two volumes convenient in size and appropriate in character for summer reading. With two more volumes the diarist hopes to bring his work down to the accession of the present King, thus covering a full half-century. In the instalment now published, as in the earlier ones, the author has, he tells us, 'resolutely kept to the less serious side of life,' and he purposes doing so to the end. A few notes from these 'Notes,' with such occasional comments as they may suggest, will perhaps suffice to introduce the book to the reader.

No one was readier than Wordsworth himself to admit his lack of humor; and, when we come to think of it, this is no slight evidence of the poet's candor and self-knowledge. Yet Browning held that Wordsworth did himself an injustice in this matter; for, according to the younger poet's report, when his engagement to Elizabeth Barrett was announced Wordsworth exclaimed, 'Well! I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them.' Strictly speaking, this should rather be classed as wit than as humor, being the discovery of an unexpected congruity, not the revelation of an unimagined and comical incongruity. Passing from Wordsworth to Sydney Smith,—an abrupt transition,—the Diary narrates the witty clergyman's last record-

* NOTES FROM A DIARY. 1892-1895. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G. C. S. I. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ed joke. On being asked, a few days before his death, whether he had had a comfortable night, he replied, 'Yes! I had a very pleasant dream. I dreamt that there would be in future thirty-nine Muses and only nine Articles.'

A curious incident, ominous if we choose so to regard it, is related on the authority of an eye-witness. At the coronation of Charles X. of France, the crown slipped and was caught by the Duke of Orleans before it reached the ground. Another anecdote of Louis Philippe will be new to most readers. Ambassador Bayard told our diarist that the Duke, in the days of his first exile, 'found his way to Philadelphia and started a business, chiefly in molasses, under the firm of "Orleans and Brother." It was unsuccessful, and the future King became a teacher of French in the family of Mr. Bayard's great-grandfather. He wished to marry one of the daughters, and a miniature of her from his hand is now in the possession of Mrs. John Field in Paris.' This great-grandfather, we infer, was Dr. James Asheton Bayard of Philadelphia, who died prematurely in 1770, twenty-five years or more before the incidents referred to. To another of our countrymen there is devoted a paragraph that probably makes unduly prominent certain of his less amiable traits which have been noted by previous writers.

'Our talk strayed to Lowell, so agreeable at his best, so much the reverse when, as too often, he bored his company by trying to prove that all men of ability had Jewish blood, or when that secret distrust of himself and his countrymen, which was his bane, overmastered his better nature and made him offensively self-assertive. Aberdare quoted some instances of this, but also his excellent advice to a young lady about to be married, which I have elsewhere noted: "Always give your husband—your way."'

When it comes to self-assertion, the English are well able to hold their own. This charge against Lowell recalls the greedy youngster who taunted his sister for taking the very piece of cake he had set his heart on.

The author gives a list of highly interesting letters and papers examined by him at the Record Office,—among others the despatch containing an account of the battle of Blenheim, signed by Marlborough himself but written in another hand, a circumstance for which he apologizes in a postscript, saying that he was out of order for want of rest. In our day, when important communications are dictated to stenographer and typewriter, one would rather expect an apology for an autograph despatch. How unconscious do we tend to become of the large part played by convention in

all our customs! Livingstone reported the existence in central Africa of a tribe whose women were greatly disgusted when he told them that in England it is customary for a man to have but one wife; and Lubbock tells of an intelligent Kandyan chief who was 'perfectly scandalised at the utter barbarism of living with only one wife, and never parting until separated by death.' But this is a digression, though not an unpardonable one, it is hoped. An improved version of an old story is thus given by our diarist:

'Most people have heard the story of the late Archbishop of Dublin exclaiming at a dinner-party in his deep voice: "It's come at last! it's come at last!" His horrified wife, springing up, asked: "What has come?" "Paralysis," replied her lord. "Paralysis!" she rejoined. "What can make you think that?" "I have been pinching my leg from time to time," was the answer, "for the last two minutes, and I can feel nothing." "I beg your Grace's pardon," said the lady who sat next to him, "you have been pinching mine." Miss Yonge told this, but made the recipient of the pinches—an Archdeacon!'

This anecdote, despite its mild flavor of impropriety, is here quoted to offset another that has been marred rather than mended in the telling by our author. It is that story of a French misprint which Herbert Spencer gives in his 'Autobiography'; and as his is an earlier and hence presumably a more authentic version, and as readers of light memoirs are not, in many cases at any rate, readers of Herbert Spencer, it may be worth while to record here the better form of the anecdote. Spencer had it from Louis Blanc not quite half a century ago. In a novel by a certain Comtesse X— (Spencer withholds the lady's name) the novelist, wishing to point the moral of her tale in its closing sentence, had written, 'Bien connaitre l'amour il faut sortir de soi.' The printer made of this, 'Bien connaitre l'amour il faut sortir le soir.'

Some schoolboy answers to examination questions are given on the authority of the examiner or other responsible person. Two of these ingenious stupidities are worth quoting. Question: 'Enumerate the principle battles between Marston Moor and Naseby.' Answer: 'General Marston Moor and General Naseby repeatedly encountered each other; but at last General Naseby defeated his opponent in a great battle, and Marston Moor was left dead upon the field.' Question: 'Explain Lupercalia.' Answer: 'Lupercalia was the name of the she-wolf who nursed Romeo and Juliet.'

Finally, let us note the witty or otherwise memorable dying utterances of sundry celebrated men, as jotted down here and there in the

Diary. On the authority of one who sat beside Disraeli's death-bed, we learn that when the doctor, with finger on pulse, felt justified in declaring, 'I think the old gentleman is gone at last,' the indomitable Beaconsfield made answer, 'Not yet.' Horace Smith, — presumably the Horace Smith of the 'Rejected Addresses,' — was asked, as he lay dying, whether he would have any more ice. 'No,' he replied, 'no more ice for me, — except paradise.' This reminds the diarist of the last words attributed to Rabelais as he drew his cowl over his face, — 'Moriatur in domino.'

There have been given here but a few out of the many readable matters that fall so readily from the author's practised pen. He has both the story-hearing and the story-telling temperament. Few men, or women either, join his company without being made to give of their best for his amusement or instruction; and by this praiseworthy characteristic of his the reader is the gainer.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE DUEL OF SEX.*

Just six years ago, a writer in this journal, lured by the fascination of 'Candida,' was tempted to say that he almost regretted that the poet in the play was not lame, or something of the sort, so that it might have been acted. When this regret was expressed, 'Candida' had, I believe, already been put on a few times in England by Mr. J. T. Grein's 'Independent Theatre,' in a propagandist tour through the provinces with Ibsen's 'A Doll's House.' It evoked little comment, however; and Mr. Shaw's disappointment was all the greater when Richard Mansfield, who had already put the play in rehearsal in America, was compelled to abandon it, owing to the physical difficulties of impersonating the eighteen-year-old pre-Raphaelite poet.

While 'Candida' had been played several times in the English provinces, it had never been seen in London, except for a representation by the Stage Society, until April 26 of the present year, when the first of seven afternoon performances of this play was presented at the Court Theatre. The press notices were very inadequate and misleading, which prompted Mr. William Archer's recent reproof of the English critics for their failure to report what happened at these performances, — namely, that everyone was highly interested, amused, and edified.

Except for a performance by the Browning

* MAN AND SUPERMAN. A Comedy and a Philosophy. By G. Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

Society of Philadelphia last year, and one other performance by amateurs, 'Candida' had not been seen in America until December 8 last, when Mr. Arnold Daly and his company gave their first matinee performance in New York. It was soon transferred to the evening bill, and more than a hundred and fifty consecutive performances were given in that city alone. On April 23, the company went on the road, and duplicated, in Boston and elsewhere, the New York success. 'The Man of Destiny,' a one-act piece by Mr. Shaw, was also added to Mr. Daly's repertory.

The appearance of Mr. Shaw's new play, 'Man and Superman,' just now is especially timely. The 'Candida' performances in both England and America not only pleased their immediate audiences, but have given wide publicity to Mr. Shaw's claims as a dramatist, especially as a dramatist who has expressed the confident belief that the public had brains and wanted to think. The new book will make a considerable demand upon the brains of the public, and in order to understand it they will have to think, whether they want to or not.

The modern three-act play, which makes up only a little over a third of Mr. Shaw's new book, was written at the suggestion of Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the 'London Times,' a friend and former fellow-worker with Mr. Shaw in the field of criticism. So the new volume is dedicated to Mr. Walkley in a lengthy 'Epistle Dedicatory,' which gives the philosophic *rationale* of its evolution and construction. Mr. Walkley wished his friend to write a Don Juan play, and Mr. Shaw has chosen to interpret Don Juan's character in the modern philosophic sense. The Don Juan, invented early in the sixteenth century by a Spanish monk, thrown upon the stage by Molière, interpreted spiritually by Mozart, and inadequately represented in Byron's fragment, has long since become an obsolete type. Even Goethe's Faust, the spiritual cousin of Don Juan, although he had passed far beyond mere love-making into altruism and humanitarianism, was still almost a century out of date.

Moreover, the modern society play, in which the woman defies the law regulating the relation of the sexes, and the man marries her in defiance of the convention which discountenances the woman, did not suit Mr. Shaw's purpose any better because, even though preoccupied with sex, it is really void of all sexual interest. The Don Juan of tradition and drama and opera being antedated, the modern so-called sex-drama debarred, and the play of mere libertinism excluded for obvious reasons, Mr. Shaw was driven to the conclusion that Don Juan in the philosophic sense was his only alternative.

The *reductio ad absurdum* process forced him to present the modern type of Don Juan, who 'does actually read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, studies Westermarck, and is concerned for the future of the race instead of for the freedom of his own instincts.'

But when Mr. Shaw was confronted with the problem of the duel of sex, he solved it with the typically Shawesque conclusion that Man is no longer, like Don Juan, the victor in that duel. Woman has become not only powerful, but even aggressive and dangerous. She covertly takes the initiative in the selection of her mate. Don Juan is transformed from pursuer into pursued. Thus the new play is, in Mr. Shaw's words, 'a stage projection of the tragicomic love chase of the man by the woman.'

Ann Whitefield, a modern English girl, secures the appointment of the friend of her childhood, John Tanner, as one of her guardians, by her father's will, in the hope of using the relation as a lever for her intrigues to win him. John Tanner, *alias* Don Juan de Tenorio, a pen-picture of Mr. Shaw himself, perfectly fulfils the definition of the philosophic Don Juan. His *chauffeur*, 'Enry Straker, *alias* Leporello, first opens his eyes to the machinations of Ann. But this Ann is no Merely Mary Ann, and Tanner, seeing that his only safety is in flight, takes wings—otherwise his automobile—and speeds to Granada.

Unhampered by the proverbial 'scrupulousness' of woman,—that is, with total disregard of masculine fastidiousness,—Ann, in company with a party of her friends, starts in pursuit. Although Tanner declares to her, when they meet, that he will not marry her, that he was appointed her guardian, not her suitor, that marriage to him means loss of freedom and individuality, his declarations go for naught. For he is at last in the grip of the Life Force. Ann's will has conquered his, for the motive-power of her will is that Life Force, the genuine sexual instinct that brooks no denial or defeat.

Goethe recognized the existence of an eternal womanly principle in the universe. Mr. Shaw has now written a play to show that Woman leads Man onward and upward—by the nose. He has stripped things bare of their amoristic halo, and brought us face to face with the stark problem of sex. One of his strongest convictions was expressed years ago in these words: 'To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history.' In the new play he has chosen to submit his own view of the existing relations of men and women, in the most highly civilized

society, for what it is worth. He has dealt with love, not from the idealistic side of 'romantic nonsense, erotic ecstasy, or the stern asceticism of satiety,' but from the observational and empiric standpoint of pure science in physics. The new play, which throws into the familiar order of cause and effect a certain body of fact and experience, may possibly interest the public; but it is more probable, Mr. Shaw believes, that it will pass at a considerable height over its 'simple, romantic head.' Daring more and more to be a realist as time passed, Mr. Shaw has now taken the last step. With amazing boldness, he has finally laid hands on a mask, which the idealists have always feared to lose and fought to retain.

One other thing is of sufficient interest to note. Mr. Shaw has complained of many dramatists, the moderns especially, on account of their failure to realize in character the impression they seek to produce. You are told that someone is a great politician, a great architect, a great financier; but there is nothing especially definitive about the character to support and enforce that *ab extra* estimate. Dissatisfied with such a feeble evasion, Mr. Shaw has not only stated that his hero wrote a revolutionist's handbook,—he has given the handbook in full at the end of the play. Unwilling also to deprive his friend Walkley of the pleasure of another glimpse of the 'Mozartian *dissoluto punito* and his antagonist the statue,' he has inserted in his modern play a totally extraneous act in which the Mozartian Don Juan, in a 'Shavio-Socratic dialogue,' philosophizes at great length with the lady, the statue, and the devil. The discussion of philosophy and sociology, with which the superfluous act and the revolutionist's handbook almost wholly deal, is left for a philosophic socialist of the most pronounced Shavianism.

The play of ideas, the drama of edification, is the ideal Mr. Shaw has set up for himself. Indeed, he believes that the drama can never be anything else. The new play, although handled in suitably decorous fashion, certainly escapes Mr. William Archer's pointed indictment of the 'bloodless erotics' of Mr. Bernard Shaw. It remains the drama of ideas, although frankly concerned with the problem of sex. 'To Life, the force behind the Man, intellect is a necessity, because without it he blunders into death.' But intellect without will is impotent; and the victory in the duel of sex goes to Woman, for her intellect is engineered by the force of irresistible will. The Life Force within her is supreme, and, as Maeterlinck so beautifully says, 'The first kiss of the betrothed is but the seal which thousands of hands, craving for birth, have impressed upon the lips of the mother they desire.' ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE.*

In the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages, it seemed as if the end of all civilization had come. Tribes and nations numbering thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of barbarous men were wandering hither and thither through the Mediterranean lands in quest of suitable homes. The story of the Germanic migrations is well known; few subjects in history have been studied with greater patience and care. We are, however, likely to forget that all the nations that migrated in those days were not Germanic. Two or three years after the Lombards had entered Italy, there was born in a distant Arabian city the great Mohammed whose followers in due time came to demand their share of European soil.

It seems that no earlier scholar has attempted to write in English anything like a detailed account of the Moorish empire in Europe. Prescott and Irving, among others, have written entertainingly of the last days of Saracen independence; but theirs is not the picture of a nation in the fullness of conquering power, — they tell the story of a dying race. Recently, however, an American student, Mr. S. P. Scott, has undertaken to present the entire history of this interesting people. This work has engaged the attention of the author for more than twenty years. Its object is an attempt to depict the civilization of that great race whose achievements in science, literature and the arts have been the inspiration of the marvellous progress of the present age. The work is in three large volumes of about seven hundred pages each. In the first volume the author traces the history of the Moors down to the middle of the eighth century. The Arabic home, Mohammed, the rise of Islam and its conquering progress from Pamir to the Atlas region, are the subjects of the first few chapters. A chapter is devoted to the Visigothic monarchy in Spain, and then follows the account of Tarik's invasion in 711, the establishment of the emirate, and the beginnings of the new Christian state in the ravines and gorges of Asturia. The history of the emirate during the forty-five years of its existence is told quite circumstantially, perhaps unnecessarily so. The second half of the volume tells the story of the Khalifate of Cordova from the coming of the first Ommeyade in 756 to the end of the dynasty in 1012. Under the Khalifs, Saracen Spain reached the meridian of her prosperity and glory. But in the eleventh century disaster befell the Ommeyades; the last survivor of the royal line mysteriously disappeared, and the empire collapsed. The second

volume continues the history of the fragments, closing with the conquest of Granada in 1492.

The civilizing influence of the Moorish people is the principal theme of volume III. In glowing terms the author recounts the wonderful achievements of the Arabic mind. 'From Moorish sources . . . were derived those maxims of chivalry which modified the turbulent barbarism of feudal Europe, the courteous gallantry of the tournament, idolatrous devotion to the female character, a high sense of honor and personal dignity, and the refining amenities of social life. From these originals sprang the germ of modern literature and the earliest models of modern poetry. . . . Through the schools of Montpellier and Salerno, contemporaneous seats of learning and both dominated by Arabian influence, the philosophy of Averroës, the botany of Ibn-Beithar, the surgery of Abulcasis, the agriculture of Ibn-al-Awam, the histories of Ibn-al-Khatib, became familiar to the benighted and priest-ridden people of Europe.' All this, and much more, Mr. Scott claims for the Moors as an educative influence in the West. At the same time he tries to minimize the effects of the Crusades as a factor in European civilization. In many respects this volume is the most valuable part of Mr. Scott's work. Modern civilization is, indeed, a composite product to which the learning and experience of Arabic Spain have largely contributed, though perhaps not so extensively as our author would have us believe.

For an undertaking such as this, Mr. Scott seems to be eminently qualified. To an evident knowledge of the Romance and Oriental languages, he adds an intimate acquaintance with the region where the Saracen empire flourished. He sympathizes with the Arab race; he understands the Arab spirit; he appreciates the literature of the desert; he knows the precepts of Islam. From one who can bring to his task such thorough scholarship and such genuine enthusiasm we should expect a masterpiece.

These qualities alone, however, do not make the historian. That the author has made a thorough study of his subject cannot be doubted. The annalistic field of the Middle Ages is largely barren soil; and yet Mr. Scott has been able to collect a great mass of interesting materials. But the manner in which these materials are built up into a historical narrative is open to serious criticism. His work is clearly intended to be what is commonly called a popular history; as it has no foot-notes and is very poorly indexed, it will prove something of a disappointment to the scholar who may try to use it. In matters of chronology it is also seriously wanting. From the dates given at the head of each chapter, the reader may know approximately when the recorded event

* THE HISTORY OF THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE. By S. P. Scott. In three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

occurred, but only occasionally does the text furnish an exact date.

One needs not be a critic to discover that the work is far too extensive. This is due in part to the author's diffused style, and in part to his habit of commenting freely on almost every subject discussed. He has also included a great many things that a conscientious historian would omit. Mere suspicions and exploded myths should not be given a place on a page devoted to serious history. Nor is it necessary for a historian to express an opinion on every conceivable subject that may be drawn into the narrative. In chapter XXVII. the author turns aside from his general purpose to give his readers a little insight into the conditions of Christian Europe during the Middle Ages. This is, of course, done for the purpose of contrast; but the treatment of the matter is as unfair as it is admittedly superficial. The whole chapter, with large sections of other chapters, should have been omitted as unnecessary and irrelevant materials. Almost every page of Mr. Scott's work is in need of literary compression. By removing superfluous padding the three volumes could easily be reduced to two, and appreciation of what seems to be a solid and valuable piece of work would be greatly increased thereby. LAURENCE M. LARSON.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Mallock's first conspicuous appearance in literature — the occasion upon which he first became widely read — was with 'The New Republic' of nearly thirty years ago. Since then he has produced many novels and indulged himself in many discussions of matters political and philosophical, matters scientific and religious, and has commanded the interest, if not exactly the assent, of the intellectual *élite* of England and America for whatever he might

choose to write. Now, after all these years, he reverts to the method, and even to the plan, of his first successful book, and gives us in 'The Veil of the Temple' a ripened dramatic discussion of the fundamental problems of belief. Again we have the country-house and its urbane host, again we have the guests and the daily symposia which give them occasion to set forth their respective points of view, and again we have the thinly-disguised personalities of certain well-known thinkers. And it may be added that we have again the amusing by-play, the touches of humanity, the covert satire, and the erotic suggestiveness that gave the earlier work a spice and savor of its own. The case of Miss Sinclair, who in 'The New Republic' brought confusion to the good Dr. Jenkinson by asking if Greek love-poems were very hard to translate, finds a pendant in 'The Veil of the Temple' when Lord Restormel breaks off abruptly his paraphrase of the Song of Songs by saying, 'I didn't get any farther than that.' To which Lady Snowdon replies: 'And I'm sure it was a very good thing you didn't.' These diversions, however, are infrequent, and the temper of the whole work is far more serious than that of its predecessor. For this reason, and for its failure to bag so interestingly contrasted a collection of personalities as rewarded the sport of 'The New Republic,' the new book fails to eclipse the old one, and is greatly its inferior in piquancy, animation and deft satirical humor. It shows, nevertheless, the same diabolical cleverness of intellectual mimicry, and has of course the advantage of dealing with the phases of religious thought presented to our own time as distinguished from those most evident a full generation ago. Of actual personalities, only two, — those of Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, — are obviously recognizable to the world at large; the others may be described, — as the Philistine materialist, the Hegelian idealist, and the sensuous dilettante, — instead of having definite names affixed to them. In his portrayal of the synthetic philosopher and the positivist, and of the several clerical types introduced, Mr. Mallock verges more than once upon caricature, and indulges in spiteful flings of the sort with which readers of 'The New Republic' are sufficiently familiar. The seasoned reader of Mr. Mallock's many writings knows that his chief delight is in pulling the strings that make his puppets work, and that the showman himself never ventures into the open. Rupert Glanville, the host of the present company, clearly speaks for the author, and all that he can do in the end by way of extricating us from the philosophical tangle takes the form of a weak resort to something like Kant's doctrine of the practical reason, — a self-confessed impotence

* THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE; or, From Dark to Twilight. By William Hurrell Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE NAPOLEON OF NOTHING HILL. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane.

ROMANCE. A Novel. By Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

FORT AMITY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DOROTHEA. A Story of the Pure in Heart. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE CROSSING. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FELICE CONSTANT; or, the Master Passion. A Romance. By William C. Sprague. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE BARRIER. A Novel. By Allen French. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

IN SEARCH OF THE UNKNOWN. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAGNETIC NORTH. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

RULERS OF KINGS. A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

to adopt any basic set of ideas, or to meet with any sort of logic the logic of his opponents. We expected nothing more than this, and consequently cannot urge the disappointment that will doubtless be felt by many readers of the present work. This lack of conviction on the part of the author of course reduces the whole book to a kind of ingenious dialectic exercise, and prevents it from being considered a serious contribution to thought. But for all that, it is vastly entertaining and even stimulating to the thoughtful mind, and will at least serve to arouse the dullest reader from his sluggishness. This is the only apology we have to offer for directing attention to it in a review of current fiction, for it is only by an extraordinary extension of the meaning of the term that we may regard the book as being fiction at all.

Mr. Chesterton's first essay in fiction takes the form of a whimsical romance of London in the twenty-first century. Externally, the metropolis is described as not greatly differing in appearance from the present, but in spirit the years have brought a vast change. The lesson of social evolution has been learned and taken to heart; men no longer try to make changes by violence, and democracy has ceased to be a passionate faith with any considerable number of people. Life has grown apathetic and mechanical, and the king is chosen by lot. Just at the time when the story opens, chance has selected for monarch a certain dry humorist by the name of Auberon Quin. Casting about for the wherewithal of a sensation, this personage devises a plan for the restoration of the ancient autonomy of the cities of which London is the coalescence, and for the revival, at the same time, of all the pomp and ceremony and gorgeous trappings of mediævalism. The plan goes into effect, and soon has an unforeseen consequence. A young fanatic named Adam Wayne, who becomes Provost of Notting Hill, takes the thing seriously, and, when certain men of affairs seek to open a new thoroughfare through his territory, resists by force of arms, repulses the invaders by ingenious strategy that depends mainly upon control of the gas-works and the water supply, and thus firmly establishes himself in the position of dictator. Aroused by his example, the other cities begin to take seriously the new mediævalism, and presently we have a transformed London, no longer a civic unity, but a congeries of rival municipalities under the hegemony of Notting Hill. The king, meanwhile, surprised at the consequences of his whim, watches the new developments with amused curiosity and sardonic interest. In the end (of the story), many years later, Notting Hill is attacked by a league of the foes raised up by Wayne's arrogant dictatorship, and this time successfully invaded

and crushed. But the idea for which it stood is not vanquished, since London has been permanently transformed into a centre of vivid and picturesquely romantic life. Mr. Chesterton has developed this invention with an admirably humorous philosophy, and found in it the opportunity for a renewed exercise of his peculiar talent for startling paradox.

'Romance,' which is a big new book by Mr. Joseph Conrad, written with the collaboration of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, takes us from England to the haunts of the Cuban buccaneers, and gives us a striking series of pictures set in that lawless environment. The time is only a hundred years ago, too late for an exhibition of the full flower of pirate enterprise, yet not sufficiently modern to plunge us into the age of humdrum respectability. We call the book a series of pictures, for such it is rather than a coherent and skilfully-planned romance. The pictures are satisfactorily vivid, the situations have strong dramatic quality, and the figures are drawn with the power of characterization that we have learned to expect from Mr. Conrad's genius. Certainly in respect to both characterization and diction, the hand is Mr. Conrad's; the hand of his fellow-craftsman is probably to be found in the working-out of the plot and in the swing of the narrative. The book as a whole is rather disappointing, despite its many remarkable qualities. But although it does not satisfy as a piece of construction, youthful readers will find their account in its panorama of breathless adventure, while the older and more discriminating will be well rewarded by its brilliant style and wealth of incisive detail.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's 'Fort Amity' is a historical romance of the French and Indian war, leading up to the victory of Quebec, although that crowning achievement is glimpsed rather than described, and reached by indirection rather than by the novelist's straightforward attack. The hero is a young English officer who is captured at Ticonderoga, and thus cut off from participating in the deed of his companions-at-arms. His captivity throws him among Indians and Frenchmen, and even after he escapes from his bonds, he remains in their companionship, allured in part by the charms of wild forest life, and in part by the even more potent charms of one Mademoiselle Diane, a daughter of the foe. All of these complications bring us to a properly romantic conclusion, but the residual impression of the story is vague and disappointing.

Welcome indeed, and all the more welcome because of its unheralded coming, is the new novel of the genial Dutchman who calls himself 'Maarten Maartens' for literary purposes. This author is not of those who have their

doings chronicled from day to day, and who resort to the puff preliminary and other devices known to the advertising novelist; he is the sort of man who works without observation until a new masterpiece is completely shaped, and then bestows it without trumpeting upon the world. The new novel is called 'Dorothea: A Story of the Pure in Heart,' and is indeed a masterpiece. It is fairly upon the level of 'God's Fool' and 'The Greater Glory,' which amounts to saying that it is a work that few living writers of English fiction could hope to equal, and possibly none surpass. To sketch the story in outline would be so ineffectual a way of conveying an impression of its beauty and strength that we shall not make the attempt, beyond saying that it tells of a half-Dutch half-English maiden, whose girlhood, secluded from all evil thoughts, is passed in rural Holland, and who is suddenly transported into the world — the world of fashion and folly and wretchedness as it may be seen in France and Italy and Germany. The story itself, although strictly private in its interest, is skilfully contrived, and has enough of plot to hold the attention. But the real charm of the book is to be sought in its vital delineation of a great variety of characters, its many-colored portrayal of life, and the unfailing tenderness and purity of its idealism. It is a book to take to one's heart, a book to make one grateful to the author for writing it, a book that makes the world better for its existence.

A sharper contrast could not easily be found than is offered when we set 'The Woman With the Fan' by the side of the work just reviewed. We are introduced by both novels to the same general sort of sophisticated society, but the writers view their subject from opposite sides, and the optimistic human outlook of 'Maarten Maartens' is replaced by the hard and unlovely cynicism of Mr. Hichens. The latter writer, indeed, has already taught us what to expect from him. He takes a mean view of life, and its morbid aspects are to him typical manifestations of human character. He has an epigrammatic manner which gives a certain superficial cleverness to his work, but which in the long run proves distressful. This latest novel of his depicts a woman of fashion, her jealous and brutal husband, and her various lovers. Becoming disfigured by an accident, she drinks the very dregs of bitterness as her lovers fall from her one by one; for the author's thesis seems to be that physical beauty is everything in a woman, and that men's protestations of their love for her intellectual or spiritual qualities are mere hollowness or self-delusions. The book is hopelessly lacking in naturalness and in anything like elevation of sentiment. It leaves a bad taste not easily to be forgotten.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel gives us a picturesque panorama of the movement of westward expansion that began when the first hardy pioneers crossed the mountains in pre-Revolutionary times, occupying not without difficulty the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, and that was consummated a generation later by the raising of the United States flag over the Louisiana Territory. It introduces us incidentally to Boone and his fellow-fighters, makes much of Clark's conquest of the Northwest, carries us through the period of Western disaffection marked by intrigues with Spain and the brief history of the State of Franklin, and leads us in the end to the secret transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France, and the final obliteration of European control over the Mississippi and its Western shores. Here is matter enough and to spare for the outfitting of a historical romance, and Mr. Churchill has skilfully brought it all into a sort of unity by linking it with the fortunes of his imaginary hero. 'The Crossing' is the fitting title of this narrative, for all of its episodes follow logically enough from the crossing of the Alleghanies by those first hardy pioneers. The historical figures presented to us include Boone, Sevier, Robertson, Wilkinson, Andrew Jackson, and, foremost among them, George Rogers Clark. Upon his delineation of that stout-hearted and daring Virginian Mr. Churchill has expended his best powers, following the 'Memoirs' quite literally, yet drawing with their aid a portrait of fine artistic quality. We have both the Clark of the Cahokia and Vincennes expeditions, resourceful, commanding, a natural leader of men, and the Clark of later years, embittered by his treatment, grown infirm of will, and feebly plotting against the government that had rewarded his great services so ill. It is a strong and truthful account of a striking personality. The fictitious hero of all these scenes begins to be heroic at a very tender age. He is a boy in Charleston when Colonel Moultrie defends the island fort, and is still a boy amid the scenes of Indian warfare in Kentucky. He goes with Clark's expedition to Vincennes, being identified with the drummer-boy of the 'Memoirs,' and is carried through the water on the shoulders of one of the men. In the later chapters, of course, he reaches manhood, becomes a skilful lawyer and a stout Federalist, and ends somewhat surprisingly by marrying an *émigrée* — a French marquise of the Old Régime. That is, he ends for the purposes of the present novel, but with so much youth and ambition left that we should not be at all surprised to find him figuring once more in some later and consequent work of Mr. Churchill. 'The Crossing' is a thoroughly interesting book, packed with exciting adventure and sentimental incident, yet faith-

ful to historical fact both in detail and in spirit. It is a capital book for youthful readers especially, because it makes vivid a section of our national history to which the text-books rarely give adequate attention.

One of the soldiers who was with Clark at Vincennes is the hero of Mr. Sprague's 'Felice Constant.' He makes his way to Detroit, spies upon the British garrison there, and becomes entangled in the affections of two young women. This embarrassing situation is relieved when one of them turns out to be his long-lost sister. Under the circumstances, we see no particular reason why she should have to die in the hour of this revelation, but the author seems to have thought it necessary. The story has the conventional villain, conventionally thwarted, and is agreeably supplied with exciting adventures. It fairly reeks with fine language and luscious sentiment, and is about as unreal as it is possible for such a story to be.

Mr. Allen French's first book of fiction was a historical romance of the American Revolution. His second, now published, and entitled 'The Barrier,' is a novel of modern American society, business, and politics, as these exist in a New England city of moderate size. The central figure is that of a promoter who, by unscrupulous methods, has made himself a power in the business and political life of the community, and who seeks to round out his achievements by the conquest of the local society. Here, however, he finds difficulties of a kind new to his experience, and it is the unexpected 'barrier' of caste and gentle breeding now standing in his path that gives to the novel its title. There is an interesting heroine, a daughter of the aristocracy, and the scheming promoter seeks to make her his wife, partly because of her personal attraction for him, and partly because that seems to be the most effective way of realizing his social ambitions. She, impressed by his masterful ways, and revolting against her own contracted and conventional environment, is almost persuaded to join her fortunes with his, but is saved at the last moment by a revealing light cast upon some of his sinister activities. Of the other characters, some are well-studied and others are not; but there are enough of them to provide a variety of interesting complications, and to furnish forth a book that is at least thoroughly readable.

'It appears to the writer that there is urgent need of more "nature books" — books that are scraped clear of fiction and which display only the carefully articulated skeleton of fact.' With these prefatory words Mr. Robert W. Chambers lures the innocent reader to investigate a collection of the wildest yarns ever spun by a wool-gathering imagination. The work is a continuous narrative only in the sense that the same

susceptible young naturalist figures in its several episodes, which are otherwise distinct stories. In the first of them he discovers a living family of great auks and a strange amphibious monster of semi-human attributes. In the next, he finds the 'dingue' and the mammoth disporting in the wilds of Labrador. The Tasmanian *ux* is next exploited, and five of its eggs (as large as hogsheads) are actually hatched in sight of an international congress of naturalists held in Paris. The sea-serpent next claims our excited attention, and then we go to the Everglades in search of jelly-fish women, invisible to the ordinary sense, but having a very material taste for apple-pie, and almost captured by reason of that weakness. The last story is a wondrous farrago of nonsense about transmigration and astral bodies in which the hero discovers a cat to be his great-aunt, a fact which makes his family relations embarrassingly complicated. Each one of these tales introduces an attractive young woman who works temporary havoc with the affections of the naturalist, but since he recovers as promptly as he falls a victim, we need not make him the object of any very deep sympathies. We trust, with Mr. Chambers, that this work 'may inspire enthusiasm for natural and scientific research, and inculcate a passion for accurate observation among the young.'

A work of fiction that comes dangerously near to being a record of fact is 'The Magnetic North,' by Miss Elizabeth Robins. It is a story of the rush to the Klondyke in 1897, and, while we do not suppose that the experiences related were exactly those of any particular set of adventurers, the narrative is so realistic and so minutely circumstantial that it might well be an account of the hardships actually undergone by a party of prospectors during the twelve-month following the news of that famous 'strike.' The essential truthfulness of the story is apparent upon every page, and there is absolutely no effort to strain the credulity or to introduce sensational matter for the sake of dramatic effect. We have simply a matter-of-fact chronicle of the journey up the Yukon, of the daily life of the winter camp, and of the journey's end the summer following. We judge that the author has been on the spot, for she could hardly have pieced together at a distance, and from the tales of travellers, so vivid and veracious a tale. There is no little art in the telling, for Miss Robins is a practiced hand in novel-writing, but we feel that in this instance she has acted upon the principle that truth is more interesting, if not exactly stranger, than fiction, and that she has been singularly careful not to exceed the bounds of truth. A map of the gold region illustrates the book, and adds to its verisimilitude.

Mrs. Atherton's 'Rulers of Kings' is a magniloquent romance, the work of a scornfully superior person, who this time takes for her subject the *haute politique* of the European world. Her hero is the son of the wealthiest man in America, and his romance ends with the capture of no less a heroine than an Austrian archduchess, who for the sake of his love abdicates her claims to the throne and (presumably) starts across the seas to become a plain citizen of the American Republic. The Emperor of Germany is made to figure as the hero's ally, and between them they accomplish, or are upon the point of accomplishing, the mastery of the world. William is to fall heir to German Austria, and, by means of an electrical invention of the hero, is to wipe out the governments of Russia and Turkey. The American, for his part, has already got the whole of South America within his grasp, and seems likely to end as the autocrat of the entire western continent. The unreality of this sort of thing is obvious enough, although the writer does show a considerable familiarity with the political situation of to-day in Austria-Hungary, as well as a wide acquaintance with the conditions of society in Vienna and Pesth. But the best part of the book is found in the opening chapters, which describe the hero's life up to manhood; for not until he reaches that estate does he learn that he is the heir to wealth, or that any other task lies before him than that of making his own unaided way in the world. These early chapters — of boyhood in the Adirondacks and of student-life in a Western university — have a marked interest, not to be wholly dulled by the turgid and pretentious manner of their telling.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

It is a long time since there has been written as good a story of those that go down into the sea in ships as Mr. James B. Connelly's 'The Seiners' (Scribner). Like his other prose works, it deals with the life, afloat and ashore, of the fishermen of Gloucester; and through the text are interspersed sea-songs that leave one longing for a volume of them. For the first time, Mr. Connelly deals with women, just as for the first time he is writing a formal novel; and his success in both departures is marked. The narrative is told by the cousin of one of the three quasi-heroines, himself a sailor on a mackerel boat. His captain, with more than one human failing, but every inch a man, is the hero. The girl he loves is rather nebulous in character; and the designer of the boat they sail on is wholly so, though he too is destined to be married at the end. But there are no indistinct outlines in the characterization of the woman who makes the trouble — the 'other woman' of the story. And

the accounts of the sailing, the rivalries of the crews, the catches of fish, the rescuing of those in adversity, the celebrations over victories culminating in the great race of the best ships, make up a rounded and most entertaining whole. No reader of the book will ever see a mackerel again without increased respect for it and for the men who caught it.

Ambitious in the extreme is the design of 'The Flame Gatherers' (Macmillan) of Margaret Horton Potter (Mrs. John Donald Black), highly to be commended for its plan and almost appalling in its scope, and a book, it may be confidently predicted, that will be read for many years. For the first time in English fiction, the most fascinating period of the Moslem conquest of Hindustan is utilized as an historical background for the working out of human destinies. The details of this transitional and most interesting epoch are elaborated with Miss Potter's usual painstaking care, though so thoroughly that the reader is conscious chiefly of the novelty of scene and place. The real interest lies in the illicit love between a captive Moslem prince and the youngest and favorite wife of his royal captor. Through half of the novel their story works itself irresistibly through to its tragic close, the unhappy couple dying at last in one another's arms. The latter half of the story deals with the child who inherits the dual natures of both prince and queen. The child of a Brahmin, he accepts Buddhism, is driven from the monastery because of his double nature, becomes a hermit, and expiates at last the sin of his predecessors on the spot of its commission. Unusual and tremendous as the theme is, it is worked out with full mastery of its materials, affording Miss Potter an opportunity for the setting forth of refined philosophical doctrines regarding human nature and human destiny.

For the first time in her writings, Mrs. Edith Wharton is successful in depicting masculine humanity in a manner satisfactory to the possessors of it, in the short stories published under the collective name of 'The Descent of Man, and Other Stories' (Scribner). There are nine of these tales, worked out with the careful elaboration and literary finish to be expected of this accomplished writer, and exhibiting a versatility and resource unusual even in her writings. The themes are various: intellectual integrity in the face of literary temptation, the reaction upon a man and wife of their adoption of a child in answer to the woman's craving for motherhood, what happens to a husband when he discovers that his wife has two divorced husbands living and their successive impressions upon her plastic nature, the searchings of heart that the wives of 'yellow' journalists have when sufficiently intelligent, over-refinement and subtlety in love-making and its effects upon both man and woman, a concrete example of what 'free' marriage leads to, the salving of a literary conscience by churchly beneficence, an admirable ghost-story with a background of human frailty, and a tale of the eighteenth century wherein a youthfully self-sufficient son of Salem comes into abrupt contact with Latin civilization. All the stories

embody searchings of the human heart; all afford delightful reading to those discerning enough to appreciate their true merit.

'A Texas Matchmaker' (Houghton), by Mr. Andy Adams, is a 'human document' rather than a work exhibiting literary art, and possesses a certain historical interest in its portrayals of life on a Texas cattle-range thirty years ago, before the days of fences and railways. The ranch-owner, an early settler and veteran of the struggle for Texan independence, is the central figure of the story and gives the book its name through his persistent endeavors to make matches between every maid and bachelor whom he views with favor. Accounts of these love affairs, none of which run smooth, combined with interpolated tales of frontier life, make up the long volume, certain to bring conviction of the author's knowledge and sincerity.

The latest book of Mr. Hamlin Garland, 'The Light of the Star' (Harper), is an account of the difficulty a young playwright and a still younger actress of prominence have in persuading managers first, and the play-going public afterward, of the merits of a drama or two not designed to split the ears of groundlings. In the intercourse made necessary by the acceptance and rehearsal of the plays, the two fall in love in the most natural manner, and much of the plot proceeds according to the demands of the conventional romance. Remembering Mr. Garland's earnest protest against literary abuses of one sort and another in his earlier works, it is something of a surprise to find here no adverse criticisms of the combination of theatrical managers which has stifled our American drama, and this notwithstanding the fact that all the action of the story depends upon this lamentable condition of affairs. The novel is unusually short, and not entirely convincing.

A most appropriate collective title, 'The Givers,' graces Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's book of short stories published by the Harpers. Various forms of generosity, rather than conventional love-making, animate the eight tales that make up the volume, and give it both originality and force. As before, New England and its people appear in the pages, all of them sufficiently idealized to make their exact location, even by commonwealths, impossible. The first of the stories, which lends its name to the book, is a most laudable satire on the too-common practice of giving gifts that suit the whim of the giver rather than the need of the one to whom they are given. The last story, which shares with the initial one the palm of merit, tells of a clergyman with whom benevolence has been carried almost to the point of criminality in his earlier life, and who later finds few compunctions in taking the money of a comfortable fellow-wearer of the cloth to relieve the pressing necessities of an unfortunate family. The other components of the volume are only less well done, and fully sustain Mrs. Freeman's reputation as a literary artist.

An Italian novelist of repute, the late Captain Olivieri Sangiacomo, makes his first bow to an English-speaking audience in 'The Colonel, a

Military Romance' (David Nutt), translated by Mr. E. Spender. The book has already appeared in French, German, and Swedish; and its vogue can be explained by its sociological interest, apart from the study in heredity involved in its two leading characters. A colonel in the Italian army, on the road to higher rank, and somewhat negligent of regimental affairs in view of greater ambitions, is rudely recalled to his duties through the shooting of several members of his command by a new recruit of lawless tendencies. Investigation shows that the young man is the colonel's own unacknowledged son, and retribution swiftly follows. The methods and phases of labor agitations in Italy occupy a large place in the story, with the means taken to suppress them, identical with those used by Mr. Cleveland in Chicago in 1894 and just now in use in Colorado. The book is instructive as well as entertaining, and makes one wish for more of Captain Sangiacomo's work.

Had Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane striven less strenuously for corroborative detail to lend an air of veracity to 'Nancy Stair' (John Lane), her work would be much less open to criticism. The narrative concerns chiefly the daughter of a noble Scottish house, and includes Robert Burns among its characters. Nancy is represented as being a poet, and to this end a fac simile of her autograph is given, written quite plainly in the fashionable hand of the present generation. This is a mere detail, however, and does not seriously affect the real sprightliness of the book, which is unusual in both conception and execution, the main incident turning upon Nancy's self-acquired knowledge of legal procedure and the consequent acquittal of her favored lover.

'The Woman Errant, Being Some Chapters from the Wonder Book of Barbara, the Commuter's Wife' (Macmillan) gives further delightful acquaintance with a presumably fair unknown, who figures as the heroine of her own narrative, though not of the romance therein contained. Barbara takes a family of rather remote cousins who have been deprived of most of the opportunities of life by the indigence and narrowness of their clerical father, secures for them the countenance of a very rich widow and her fashionable friends, and not only gives her favorite among them something to live for, but incidentally some one to love. The real merit of the work lies in its delicious characterizations of women by a woman, given with the same zest and joy in the telling that have been apparent in the earlier volumes from the same hand. The book is rather distinctly one for summer reading, though it cannot fail to interest if read by a winter's fire.

After six years, a new edition of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's 'The Shape of Fear, and Other Ghostly Tales' (Macmillan) has been brought out, a circumstance sufficiently remarkable in these days of novels dead in their first year to be worth noting. The book merits its resurrection; but not more so than that other collection of short stories from Mrs. Peattie's pen, 'The Mountain Woman.' The tales which are called ghostly are delicately and sometimes humorously

so, and fill a place not quite occupied by anything else in English fiction. A recounting of their titles should be sufficient inducement to anyone who has not read them, to take the little volume away on vacation: 'On the Northern Ice,' 'Their Dear Little Ghost,' 'The House That Was Not,' 'Story of an Obstinate Corpse,' 'A Child of the Rain,' 'The Room of the Evil Thought,' 'Story of the Vanishing Patient,' 'The Piano Next Door,' 'An Astral Onion,' 'From the Loom of the Dead,' and 'A Grammatical Ghost.'

The anonymous work called 'The High Road' (Stone) purports to be the autobiography of a woman born of humble folk in West Virginia, who by dint of sacrificing her individuality, economising in the wrong places, toadying to the powerful, bullying the weak, writing for yellow journals, and doing a number of other things equally not worth doing, finally achieves social position in New York, having previously acquired it abroad. While there is no reason to doubt that the means employed will generally bring about similar results, the impression gained from the book is that the writer is a journalist rather than a person of social importance. As a close study of existing society at home and abroad, the book presents its most valuable side.

In 'The Philanthropist' (Lane), Mr. J. F. Causton has painted the portrait of a self-seeking and inefficient man wedded to an intractable and extravagant wife, who pays the penalty of his inherent instability of character by sinking with his family to the level of a rather common recipient of the bounty of others. He has a daughter who preserves her self-respect through all the family vicissitudes, and is rewarded at last with the affection of a rich and worthy man. The entire narrative moves within the sphere of British Methodism, and insists upon the inherent goodness of the more modest members of that communion, even while holding up to ridicule the words and deeds of the more pretentious. The portraiture is particularly good, and the book unconventionally but highly moral in its conclusions.

'Jack Barnaby' (Dillingham) is a study of an unfortunate attachment and its effects upon the man and woman participants, as well as on the girl with whom the man afterward falls honestly in love. It is written by Mr. Henry James Rogers, its action takes place in New York, and it is rather modern in its re-statement of an old problem. While not exhibiting marked ability, it is a work of considerable promise, little more than a short story in length and treatment. The manner in which the nice girl rescues the man from himself at the close is its best touch.

'Wellesley Stories' (Bacon) is Miss Grace Louise Cook's volume of four years ago revised and enlarged, and exhibiting occasional little graces that were denied it on its first appearance. A pleasant series of pictures of girls' college life, and of the spirit of solidarity Wellesley inculcates among her children, is presented with a firm hand and fair mastery of literary method. The first of the stories, which deal very little

with love between the sexes, is, curiously enough, the least convincing of them all.

Mrs. L. Parry Truscott has written a simple and satisfactory problem study, and 'The Mother of Pauline' (Appleton) is the title, taken in part from the child's mother, for whom she is named, and partly from the elder sister of Pauline, who has been the only mother she remembers, and who furnishes the romance of the book through her own love. Quietly written, the book is in several respects one of more than ordinary merit.

A story vivacious almost to the point of eccentricity is Miss Valentine Hawtrey's 'Perro-nelle' (Lane). The heroine is a girl of fifteen living in Paris at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the story concerns itself with her erratic and infelicitous career. There is something of the learning of the day interspersed in the narrative, much old French, and a great deal of conversation.

Melodrama of an old-fashioned sort is presented in 'Lychgate Hall' (Longmans), by 'M. E. Francis' (Mrs. Francis Blundell). A haunted house, a distressed damsel, a stalwart yeoman, a noble turned highwayman, a farmer's daughter who chances not to be buxom, and a large beefy baronet, control the action of the work, and do about what they have been doing in English fiction for considerably more than a century. The narrative is long, a great deal of padding coming between the scenes of dering-do. 'Sublimated dime-novelism,' with the scenes laid in Marlborough's day, characterizes the book sufficiently.

After Mr. William Sage's 'Robert Tournay,' something better than 'Frenchy, the Story of a Gentleman' (Scott-Thaw) was expected from his pen. The story is not much more than the sort of thing written for messenger-boys and serving-maids, with a French nobleman of the least convincing kind for its hero, and the affairs of the universe shifting obligingly to compass the author's ends. The illustrations, — quite unintentionally, — show the hero as the sort of combination idiot and knight he seems to have been.

Mr. Alexander Nelson Hood has incorporated the story of the independence of Venice in the beautifully printed 'Adria, a Tale of Venice' (Dutton). He has seized upon the historical episodes in that romantic and little-known step toward the independence of Italy for the dramatic crises of his argument, but has not altogether succeeded in connecting them vitally with his fictional characters. Mingled with these are chapters which discuss Venetian painting and earlier history, — most informing, but distinct breaks in the action. Taken separately, the ingredients of the work are admirable; but they have been so little welded together that the general effect is amateurish.

Something of the spirit manifest in Mr. George Meredith's essay on Comedy lies behind Mr. W. E. Norris's 'Nature's Comedian' (Appleton), the protagonist of the novel being a young man of most susceptible nature who has made a surprising success as an actor after being foredoomed to failure by his conventionally provincial but gently-bred family. He falls in love

and out of it with an ease and versatility that bespeak his shallowness of character but will still afford the reader considerable amusement. The tragic close of the book, wherein the hero loses his life as a result of his ill-advised impetuosity, will be felt as a striving after paradox, but there is presented a careful view of British contemporaneous life in several of its aspects.

In 'Evelyn Byrd' (Lothrop), Mr. George Cary Eggleston completes his trilogy of the Civil War as seen from the side of the South, and at the same time reaches his high-water mark in fiction. Some of the characters in the two earlier works reappear in this, though the story is in no sense a mere sequel to them. It discusses the events preceding the fall of the Confederacy, and introduces large elements of commerce and finance. The heroine is an appealing character, a girl of many and varied adventures, throughout which she preserves a sweetness and simplicity of character seldom found in modern romance. The war scenes are well done.

Fishing has long been the most literary of pastimes among English-speaking peoples, and though Mr. H. W. Lanier makes no effort to connect 'The Romance of Piscator' (Holt) with the older traditions of the art, he has made a really delightful and humorous tale out of the pursuit of a maiden and any number of fish, the manner in which each interest gives way to the other being told with great gusto and evident enjoyment. The fisherman loses himself in the lover, and the lover in the fisherman, many a time before the end is reached and the hardy rival beaten in both contests of skill. It is also to be said that when the end comes it is a toss-up as to whether the maiden was fishing for the piscator or the piscator for the maiden; assuredly none of his mighty catches had any such element of prolonged uncertainty about them.

Without literary pretension, Mrs Fannie Hardy Eckstrom has embodied a variety of human interests in her tales of lumber-camps in Maine, collected in a small volume with the title 'The Penobscot Man' (Houghton). Dealing with elemental forces in the great northern forests, the American, whether of white or aboriginal blood, acquires something of the character of his surroundings, and is moved to deeds of heroism, the most striking of which are set forth in this book, oftentimes in the very language of the actors in them. Plain and uninteresting as the daily life of a lumberer seems to be, there are emergencies arising wherein he proves himself strenuous in the better sense of the word, doing brave things with a fine unconsciousness wholly denied the usual preachers of strenuousness.

'A Forest Drama' (Coates) is rather a melodrama, in which an escaped English convict runs away with a beautiful English girl visiting in the wilds of Canada, carries her to his camp far in the north, and waits accommodatingly while an English and a French-Canadian lover rescue her from his toils. The treatment of the wild scenes through which the heroine is conducted shows familiarity with them, and continued action makes the book interesting.

Two editors of woman's pages in daily journals, one a Philadelphia man and the other a Southern woman, carry on the correspondence which makes up the story of 'Daphne and Her Lad' (Holt). The authors, effectually concealing themselves in their characters, are Mr. M. J. Lagen and Miss Cally Ryland, and their work has much the impress of reality; at least, the letters are quite of the sort that youthful journalists might write one another in the same circumstances. The letters are announced in the book as 'not originally intended for publication,' but bear marks of close editing and rewriting to fit them to the tale, the end of which is evidently an after-thought—and not a particularly happy one.

'Creey' is a little New Jersey Quaker of the Revolutionary period, in Miss Edith Lawrence's novel of that name (F. M. Buckles & Co), and it is supposed to be made up of the letters passing between herself and the members of her family during the British occupancy of the newly declared State. In the young lady are mingled strains of the North and South, accounting for the pleasant mixture of forethought and recklessness that makes up her character. There is an abundance of fighting and love-making, with a joyful ending in the interests of international amity.

In 'The Jessica Letters' (Putnam) there will be found a most refreshing quality of classicism, imparted by a real love for and knowledge of the Latin poets, a most graceful learning incorporating itself with a pretty love-story. The letters are supposed to pass between the literary editor of a New York journal and the daughter of a Methodist parson in the South, the acquaintance beginning with her calling on him in his office in regard to work for the journal, and continuing, through the excellence of the reviews she writes for him, until literary interests are merged in the sentimental. The editor has a philosophy of his own, based on wide reading of classical authorities, and his strictures on modern sentimentality will be enjoyed by many who find themselves in a minority to-day. The work is anonymous, but its author has no reason to disown it.

The conversation of the leisure classes of England has seldom been so exhilaratingly painted as by Mr. John Galsworthy in 'The Island Pharisees' (Putnam). With one marked exception, the characters are the well born, well bred, educated, cultivated, and wealthy folk of the mother country. This exception is a youthful adventurer from the continent, half Dutch and half French, who has seen and known the realities of life at first-hand. The protagonist of the book meets him by chance, and disillusionment regarding the ideals of his class follows until he is no longer to be ranked with the thinkers who are 'safe.' He procures for the foreigner a position as tutor in the family with which he expects to intermarry; and this proves his undoing. A more direct blow at social complacency has seldom been given, and the book should make good reading for those whose opinions are not prescribed for them by their worldly position.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Early American schools and school-books. Readers whose memories reach back to the primitive district school, with its hard benches and much-whittled desks, will renew their youth in Mr. Clifton Johnson's 'Old-time Schools and School-books' (Macmillan). An industrious collector and careful student in this department of literature, the author has got together a goodly store of curious items, which he generously illustrates with a very attractive display of ancient title-pages, rude woodcuts from primers and other textbooks, exteriors and interiors of historic school-houses, portraits of famous pedagogues, and other matters, interspersed with frequent extracts from the old readers and spellers that have now in many cases become so hard to find and so impossible of purchase except by the rich. The chapters on early schools are, appropriately enough, confined almost exclusively to those of New England, whose lead in public-school education is emphasized. New Amsterdam's rival claim is shown to rest on slight foundation. An incidental reference to Benjamin Harris's 'Public Occurrences' as the earliest American newspaper will perhaps surprise those who are wont to think of 'The News-Letter' as the pioneer in this line. This general false impression, it may here be explained as the author has not dwelt on the matter, is probably due to the fact that the first-named paper was suppressed by the provincial authorities after the issue of the initial number, September 25, 1690, and only one copy of it is now known to be extant,—the copy on file at the State-Paper Office, London. It was not until fourteen years later that postmaster John Campbell began the issue of his 'News-Letter.' Both these papers, it is hardly necessary to add, were printed in Boston.

Japanese physical training for children. Having written on the merits of the Japanese system of 'jiu-jitsu' for men and women, Mr. H. Irving Hancock turns to the coming generation and applies the same series of exercises in his 'Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods, a Manual for Use at Home and in the Schools' (Putnam). Of necessity, the exercises described in this volume are modified to suit a more tender age; but they take the child of ten and bring him to an improved condition of bodily health and strength quite as thoroughly as those set forth in the previous works for men and women. As in the former books, little or no apparatus is prescribed; but a difference will be found in the end sought for. While with the elders 'jiu-jitsu' was the art of hurting without being hurt, with the youngsters health and strength are sought for without regard to the uses to which they can be put. The book, like its predecessors, is profusely illustrated from photographs of both boys and girls actually engaged in the amicable contests of which the exercises are chiefly composed, which have the advantage over ordinary turning, gymnastics, and calisthenics of the western world in being immediately

competitive. The amount of space required will make the introduction of 'jiu-jitsu' somewhat difficult in schools without gymnasiums; but it is well worth trying at home, where its demonstrated efficiency should lead to its introduction as part of a complete system of education, after the manner of the ancient Greeks.

Men and manners of the England of Elizabeth. The book by Mrs. Frederick Boas, entitled 'In Shakespeare's England' (James Pott & Co.), is not in any specific sense Shakespeariana, but only a series of brief biographical and descriptive sketches of the men and manners of Elizabethan England (James Pott & Co.). The best chapters are the more general ones, such as 'Country Life' and 'Schools and Universities,' both of which contain a large amount of interesting data that would be hard to come at elsewhere. Some of the biographies, on the other hand, and particularly those of authors, are commonplace and quite unnecessary revisions of material already easily available to the young student. It is for such apparently that Mrs. Boas writes this volume, which begins with a forceful sketch of the Queen and broadens its outlook, chapter by chapter, to include all the many-sided activities of her great reign,—the work of statesman, soldier, priest, and sailor, and finally of the poet who alone among them all has had no successor. The style of the work is distinctly popular, and the book is without notes, index, or bibliography. This last omission is a serious one, since no volume of this scope can be more than a beginning for historical reading. A few good portraits constitute the illustrations.

Home-life in Turkey. The tenth volume of 'Our European Neighbours' series (Putnam) is devoted to an account of 'Turkish Life in Town and Country.' The author, Mrs. Lucy M. J. Garnett, gives us not only much information upon the social life, the government, the institutions and the customs of the Osmanlis, or Mohammedan Turks, but also interesting chapters upon the Albanian Highlanders, the Macedonian nationalities, the Armenian communities, the Hebrew colonies, and the Nomads and Brigands that go to make up the exceedingly complex life of the Ottoman Empire. Readers will have an opportunity to correct some of their preconceived notions of the family organization in Turkey. For example, although an Osmanli may legally marry as many as four wives, it is the exception rather than the rule for even the wealthy to have more than one wife; and a harem is not, as is generally supposed, a number of women and slaves maintaining the relation of wife to one man, but the female portion of a family as legitimately organized as those of the western peoples. Nor is it a 'detestable prison,' but the most cheerful and commodious portion of an Osmanli's house, a 'sacred enclosure' indeed, as the word harem implies, in which the women of the family are protected from all intrusion, and in which the wife and mother is the sole ruler.

The administration of our armies contains material interesting to the general reader. An exception to the general rule is found in 'The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army,' by Mr. Louis Clinton Hatch, which appears as one of the Harvard Historical Studies (Longmans, Green & Co.). The outline of the history of the Revolutionary army is generally known, beginning with the appointment of Washington, continuing through Valley Forge, and ending at Yorktown. But we have lacked an intensive study of the subject considered as a whole. The privations of the troops is frequently mentioned, the thesis taking up this matter in detail and showing the causes to lie not only in a lack of funds to carry on the war, but in mismanagement and internal jealousy. It must be confessed that the details of the rivalries, the mutinies, the strife, the cabals, and the frequent mercenary motives manifest, make one feel that our fathers were not so perfect as they have often been pictured, or that we have vastly improved since those days. The Newburg Addresses, not commonly accessible, appear as an appendix.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Emerson's 'Letters and Social Aims' and his 'Poems' are the latest volumes in the new 'Centenary' edition of his works, edited by Mr. Edward W. Emerson, and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The volume of the poems restores the pieces omitted by Emerson himself in 1876, but restored in the 'Riverside' edition of 1883. There are also some new poems and fragments, including about a score of early pieces. The notes of this volume are of great value for elucidation and historical commentary.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers of three text-books in French that are deserving of particular consideration. 'A Companion to French Verse,' by Mr. H. J. Chaytor, is just the sort of elementary work that is needed in high schools. It gives as much as is likely to be taught effectively, and adds a selection of poems for purposes of illustration and recitation. An adaptation of Mérimée's 'Chronique du Règne de Charles IX,' made by Professor Ernest Weekley, is especially for the quiz method of teaching, besides offering an interesting text.

The publishers of 'The Educational Review' have had prepared, by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson, an analytical index to the first twenty-five volumes of that periodical, covering the period from January, 1891, to May, 1903. The fortunate libraries and individuals who possess complete sets of the 'Review' will be grateful for this work, which now transforms a row of bound volumes into a veritable encyclopedia of education, ready for consultation upon almost every imaginable modern educational problem. Analysis by topics is the leading feature of this index, and the work has been intelligently performed. The work is a dictionary catalogue (author and subject), extending to upwards of two hundred double-columned pages.

NOTES.

A treatise on 'Illinois Railway Legislation and Commission Control Since 1870,' by Mr. Joseph Hinckley Gordon, is published by the University of Illinois in the series of 'University Studies.'

'Beowulf and the Finnesburgh Fragment,' translated into English prose by Professor Clarence Griffin Child, is a recent and welcome addition to the 'Riverside Literature Series' of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The American Book Co. publish an 'Elementary Algebra,' the work of Professor J. H. Tanner. It is a manual which covers the most exacting of college entrance requirements, and is thoroughly logical in its development.

Burke's 'Conciliation' speech, edited by Professor William Macdonald, and George Eliot's 'Silas Marner,' edited by Professor Wilbur Lucius Cross, are recent additions to the 'Gateway Series' of texts published by the American Book Co.

'The Temple Topographies' is a new series of Dent handbooks, which Messrs. E. P. Dutton have undertaken to publish in this country. 'Stratford-on-Avon,' by Mr. H. W. Tompkins, is the first of these booklets to appear, and is prettily printed and illustrated.

'Longer Elizabethan Poems' and 'Shorter Elizabethan Poems,' each with an introduction by Mr. A. H. Bullen, are two new volumes in the reissue of Arber's 'English Garner,' now nearly complete. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish a revised edition of the 'Ancient History' of Professor Philip Van Ness Myers. The text has been largely rewritten, and the illustrations increased in number and interest. It would be difficult to imagine a better book for high school instruction than this, or one more completely equipped with attractive features for the student and helpful apparatus for the teacher.

'Russia, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers,' published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., is one of Miss Esther Singleton's attractive compilations. It is a companion volume to her 'Japan,' recently issued. We are not sure that the writers are all 'famous,' but most of them are fairly well known, and some of them speak with authority. The book is abundantly illustrated.

Dr. John Louis Haney has performed a task of considerable usefulness to students of literary history in selecting a volume of 'Early Reviews of English Poets,' and publishing them (The Edgerton Press: Philadelphia) with notes and a historical introduction. The introduction is a valuable sketch of English periodical literature, bringing together many facts for which we should hardly know where else to look. The brief bibliography which follows is also useful. The reviews selected begin with one of Gray's 'Odes,' and end with some of the early criticisms of Browning and Tennyson. The notorious early attacks on Keats, Shelley and Byron naturally find a place in this collection. A portrait of Jeffrey provides this volume with an appropriate frontispiece.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 34 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE WRITINGS OF SAMUEL ADAMS. Collected and edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. Vol. I., 1764-1789. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 447. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

NEW ENGLAND IN LETTERS. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. Illus. in color, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 384. A. Wessels Co. \$1.50 net.

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THE REAL NEW YORK. By Rupert Hughes; drawings by Hy Mayer. 12mo, pp. 384. Smart Set Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

THE WEB OF INDIAN LIFE. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble.) 8vo, uncut, pp. 301. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.25 net.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 4to, pp. 100. "Newnes" Art Library. Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

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